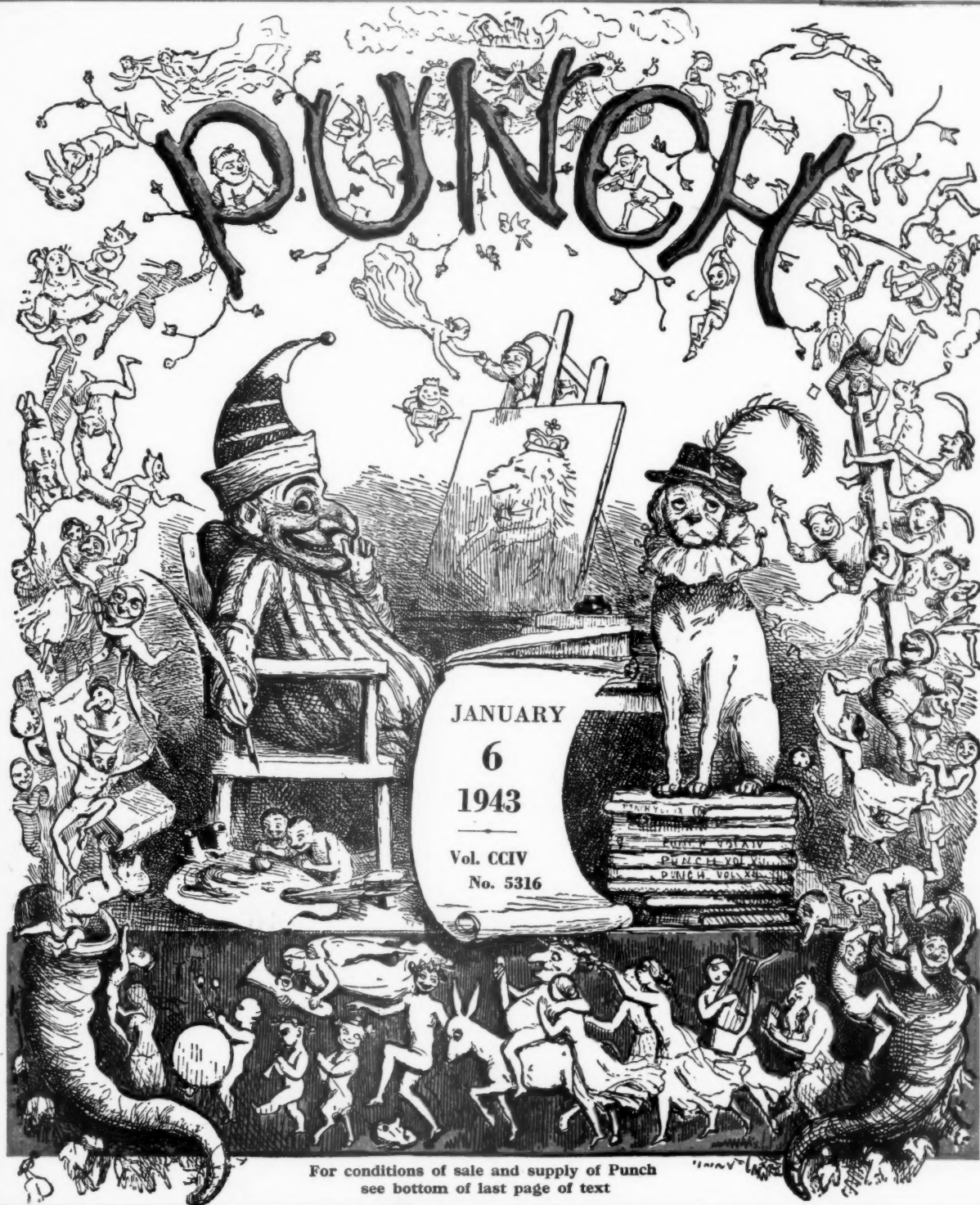


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*and*  
*All-day Energy*

**I**N these days of national endeavour we all need to start the morning with that freshness, cheerfulness and abounding energy which can only follow a night of peaceful, restorative sleep.

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Enjoy the benefits of "Ovaltine" sleep to-night and see how cheerful, confident and invigorated you awake to-morrow.

*Drink delicious*  
**Ovaltine**  
 THE WORLD'S  
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P603A



## THE THREADS

In Greek Mythology the destiny of mortals was controlled by the three goddesses of fate—the Parcae.

Clotho, the youngest daughter, presided over the moment man was born. She held the distaff in her hand and spun the web of life.

Lachesis spun out man's destiny in the form of threads and controlled the actions of life and decided its length, while Atropos, the eldest of the three sisters, cut the thread of human life with a pair of scissors.

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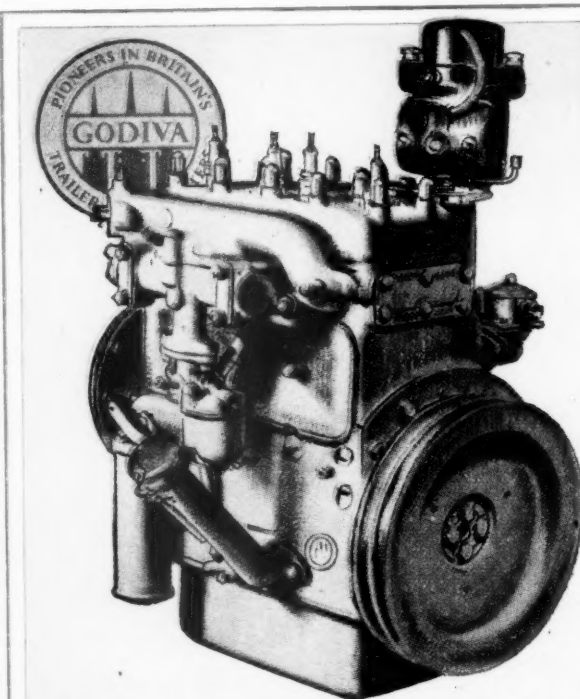
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*Quantity is  
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BEAR BRAND  
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Honey is rationed  
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Strenuous days take it out of you. But HOVIS puts it back with interest. Britain's Health Bread is rich in vital protein and vitamin 'B.' Make it a regular feature of your daily diet.

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**COL. CLARENDON BLUDGE-REDDE** was touchy on the subject of curry. His favourite dish, but unhappily no-one could serve it as they served it in Poona in '98... The Colonel's lady viewed with apprehension the approach of each (inevitable) curry day. Until, in a flash of inspiration and daring—she served curry with Pan Yan, that delicious spicy pickle. For once the Colonel ate in silence till the end and then he said, "Ah!"... Music to the ears! For this was the Colonel's way of saying, "Superb! Pukka!"

# Pan Yan

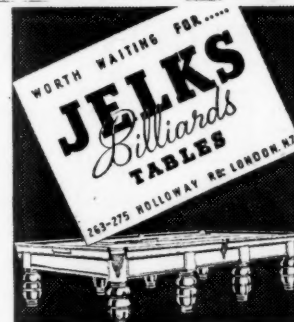
MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED LONDON

Of course, Pan Yan is not so easy to get nowadays. But the Colonel can put up with a lot for the sake of Victory.

Welcome Always—  
Keep it Handy  
**GRANT'S  
MORELLA  
CHERRY  
BRANDY**

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*Pedigree  
Pets* **DOLLS  
AND  
SOFT  
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Telephone: North 2747 (10 lines).

The **SHARPER** the blade  
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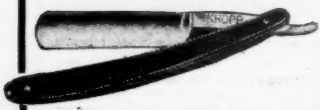
Sounds contradictory but it isn't. Use the keen-edged KROPP and see what a smooth, quick shave you get—EVERY morning. Once you buy a KROPP you've done with shaving troubles. No grinding, no upkeep costs. Hand-forged from fine, Sheffield steel. A craftsman's triumph.

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# STATE EXPRESS

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Cigarettes





## BOB MARTIN'S

in two forms—  
**POWDERS**



## TABLETS

As a wartime measure, part of the output of Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now being issued in tablet form. One tablet is the exact equivalent of one powder, and both are equally efficacious in purifying a dog's blood. Easy to give, a daily Bob Martin's—powder or tablet—will keep your dog always healthy and happy.

IN PACKETS OF 9 FOR 7d., 21 FOR 1/1

Mark all clothing  
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## Cash's NAME TAPES

obtainable in a variety of colours  
and lettering.

2 doz. 6 doz. 12 doz. Includes  
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Supplied through all drapers and  
outfitters.

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Pu. 7, COVENTRY.

There are still limited supplies of  
Young's Morecambe Shrimps—  
freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.  
1 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.1  
and at Morecambe.

**YOUNG'S**  
Morecambe **SHRIMPS**

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**JAMES**  
MOTOR CYCLES  
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## MEN!

meet **'Plus One'**

## BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

Here's a swifter shaving cream for busy men! A shaving cream that brings delight to the daily drudgery of shaving! Softens the stiffest beard—flatters the razor—shaves quicker, easier, smoother. Leaves the skin fresh and cool, in half the time. Men! Meet 'Plus One' the super shaving cream!

That's the 'Plus One' way. Just wet the beard, preferably with warm water, apply 'Plus One' thinly (do not rub it in), run the razor over, and the stiffest, stubbiest beard is a minus quantity.

Prices: PER TUBE . . . 2/-  
PER LARGE JAR 3/9

**A COTY PRODUCT**

## Famous for Fine Quality

**Nell Gwynn**  
Marmalade

LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS

**B**EFORE the war many Fine Chemicals came from overseas: to-day these must all be produced in this country.

The Laboratories which have been producing 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now very largely 'on active service', developing vital Fine Chemicals which otherwise would not be available.

That is the story which lies behind the shortage of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin'.

## Sparklets

(Regd. Trade Mark)

## REFILLABLE SYPHON

ALL available supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible throughout the country. Vital National needs have first call on production facilities, so, for the present, "Go easy with the soda".

P.S. Please make use of our Renovation and Repair Service and be as helpful as you can by returning empty Sparklets Bulbs to your supplier—Allowance: "C" size 4d. dozen; "B" size 2d. dozen.

SPARKLETS LTD. (Dept. P),  
LONDON,  
N.18.





## New Year Greetings to the Forces of the Empire

At the dawning of another New Year, which may well prove to be the most momentous in history, McVitie & Price Ltd., acknowledge with admiration and thanks the achievements of the Armed Forces of the Empire, of the heroic Merchant Navy and of the Civil Defence Services. To all men and women of the Dominions and Colonies, no less than to those of Britain, our salutations and gratitude.

**McVitie & Price Ltd.**

*Manufacturers of High Class Biscuits*

*Supplied only through retail shops and stores*

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Now, I'M WARM  
AS TOAST...

How kiddies love Hot  
OXO on cold raw days  
—the drink that warms  
them right through to  
the fingertips



OF SPECIAL VALUE FOR  
GROWING CHILDREN

**'Celanese'**  
TRADE MARK  
still means  
**Quality**

Good quality fabric, good wear, good washing quality... You can be quite sure of all when you see the brand mark 'Celanese'. Though it may not be easy to find, you secure excellent Coupon Value when what you buy is marked 'Celanese'.

G.147



'Second to None'

**GREYS**  
**CIGARETTES**

*Just honest-to-goodness tobacco*

20 for 2/- \* 10 for 1/-

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED IN THEIR 99th YEAR



### Suggested Improvement

**T**HIS is East Waggington: will all passengers for Waggington Central Peterborough Sheffield and the North take the first portion of the train. The first portion of the train is for Waggington Central Peterborough Sheffield and the North. Will the Waggington Central Peterborough Sheffield and the North train kindly take all passengers in the first portion of the train to Waggington Central Peterborough Sheffield and the North. The train at platform Number Fourteen is the Waggington Central Peterborough Sheffield and the North train. First portion only.

Will all passengers *not* proceeding to Waggington Central Peterborough Sheffield and the North kindly take the second portion of the train now at platform Number Fourteen.

Will all passengers in all portions of all trains all kindly take their own portions of all meals for all journeys, including those going to Waggington

Central Peterborough Sheffield and the North.

This is East Waggington.

The next train at Number Seven platform will arrive at Number Seven platform in forty-seven minutes' time. Will all passengers now queueing up for tickets kindly retain their places in the queue as the train at platform Number Seven will arrive there in forty-six-and-a-half minutes' time.

This is still East Waggington.

Is Your Journey Really Necessary?

Will all passengers whose journey is not really necessary kindly return home in the rear portion of the train at Number One platform. The rear portion of the train at platform Number One will kindly take all passengers home again whose journey is not really necessary.

Travellers leaving from, or going to, or queueing up at East Waggington

are very kindly reminded that all luggage must be carried by passengers or left behind at their own discretion and that no facilities will be available for eating, drinking, sitting down or standing up in any portion of any train.

Careless Talk is Dangerous.

Passengers kindly travelling by train are kindly requested to refrain from all talk and all carelessness, also to make sure that all platforms are in their usual place when stepping out on to them with the right foot foremost in the black-out.

Safety First.

This is East Waggington still kindly speaking if passengers will kindly listen. . . . E. M. D.

### Third Things Third

"Threefold Object. A concert was held in Rogers' Hall on Wednesday, in aid of Russia, China, and Hillmorton Church funds."—*Rugby Advertiser*.



## New Argonauts

I THINK you went the good old way  
Where all the world was wont to cruise  
Renowned to us from childhood's day  
For curious incidents and views.

I think you went by Jason's path  
And made the rising sun your quest  
And watched him take his evening bath  
Behind the barriers of the West.

Perhaps you yoked the fiery bulls  
Or mocked the maidens of the seas  
Or gathered by great pocketfuls  
The apples of the Hesperides.

Or thrid the labyrinthine gloom  
Where never a foot of man had trod  
And faced, and tried to bring to doom  
The youth-devouring monster-god.

Or sailed between the clashing rocks  
Or heard the towering sea-wolf rave  
Or felt beneath your feet the shocks  
Of the dark peril under wave.

The shielded death was borne on high  
Wing-footed over earth and sea,  
To bid the faithless despot die  
Dropped down the son of Danaë.

Cloud-weary still the Titan stood  
The air was thick with harpies' wings  
The serpents writhed in every wood.

Or if you have not seen these things,

No matter. As I said before  
I think you went the heroes' way  
From isle to isle, from shore to shore  
And did more work perhaps than they. EVOE.

o o

## H. J. Talking

ONE thing which is apt to put me off literature is punctuation. Some people say that where you would naturally pause when reading, there you should put a stop, but scientific scrutiny does not bear this theory out. If you are sitting at your ease you can go on for some time without pausing at all, while when running up and down stairs you would need a stop after every word; in fact, this theory of punctuation would make it depend not so much on grammar as the writer's physical condition. Another system is to allot so many stops to each page, then to divide the number by the number of lines, and then if, for example, it comes to three a line you will never be more than four words out. It is true that this will give a partial and not a complete accuracy, but the only way of satisfying everybody would be to put the stops in first and fit the words round them. Coot has produced some notepaper where this has been done by the printer, but owing to his instructions being rather vague this printer had an oppor-

tunity of showing off and introduced all kinds of signs which he had in stock, such as cedillas, so that to write on it you have to be artful in the extreme.

The other day I was trying to teach a canary the difference between right and wrong when a Mr. Fitz-Fitz called and tried to sell me some publicity. He explained that the reason you heard more of some scientists than others was that well-known members of the profession, and especially household words, had their own Press agents. Feeling that my work was rather rejected I bought three weeks' publicity to see how it would turn out. First, he made me go with him to a race-meeting and be photographed with his wife, who was called in the caption "One of our more sprightly Dowagers." Then he announced that several atoms had been stolen from my laboratory and were liable to split at any moment, I having begun to drive wedges into them. Next he arranged for me to open the science laboratory of a small private school kept by his grandfather, and though it consisted merely of a tea-chest containing five test-tubes and ten test-tube-holders, this was not mentioned in the report. Lastly, it was decided that I should give a public lecture, and while I wanted to give it on Psychological Physics, provocative is what he said it would have to be, so I gave it on the poet Browning and said that all his poems had been written by his wife and all her poems had been written by him. During this period I also gave testimonials with my photograph, and among other testimonials I gave was one for a firm which cured chronic alcoholism, one for a crematorium and one for a man called the Rev. Hiram Bun, who taught the Seven Cardinal Virtues by post. However, a mere flash in the pan was what this publicity turned out to be, its only result being unfavourable and consisting of the reappearance of my long-lost uncle, Australian Claud, who had been shipped over to England by his parents in Melbourne and paid monthly to stay here.

This uncle had lived with us a good deal when he first arrived, and it took my wife's most expert cooking to get rid of him. We had generally assumed that he was sinking steadily somewhere near the docks, but unfortunately it turned out that he had risen to a high position in the interior decorating business, and now he was always calling and being grateful to us and creating new effects in our home, such as moving all the furniture into the centre of the room, or nailing rugs on to the ceiling, or removing the doors and replacing them with chromium-plated turnstiles which played "Land of Hope and Glory" when used. We finally got rid of Australian Claud by inviting him to stay, but explaining, once he was well settled in, that the invitation did not include meals. Having to go out every time the gong rang eventually wore him down. He once tried sitting at the table with us and producing his own sandwiches, but fortunately B. Smith had just invented a mouth-organ which one could blow while eating, kindly giving my wife and me some ear-plugs before trying it out.

I once knew a man who got into the Foreign Office and was not really of very much use to them so they made him a permanent invitee. The real swells are fairly busy and do not get much time to go to dinners and receptions, so to improve the lists of guests they have people like my friend, who sometimes attended as many as six functions a day. To make it look more impressive they first knighted him and then made him a peer, so that if the Minister of some small Power was disappointed that the Foreign Secretary was too busy to come he still felt the party had quite a lot of tone. There was once an economy drive and the number of professional invitees was cut down, so they gave my friend Scotch and Irish peerages as well, and the papers used to print all three titles separately. He had to be very



POUR LA LIBERTÉ

"The sword of every patriot is *my* sword."



"There, darlings—you'd NEVER guess what I made THIS of!"

good at avoiding direct questions because he had been away so long from his desk that he didn't know very much about Foreign policy and was apt to base his remarks on what he had learnt at school, which did not extend much further than the Treaty of Utrecht (1713).

In days gone by B. Smith was a small-game hunter because, he said, he would leave big game to poorish shots and concentrate on hunting that really needed skill. In the course of his career he shot some of the smallest animals I have ever seen, though his enemies accused him of artificially shrinking them when dead. A point which often troubled him was whether it was fair to use a very large bullet on his tiny prey, and he finally worked out a kind of scale. By an attachment to the sights of his rifles he could roughly work out the dimensions of his quarry, and then by reference to the table decide the proper size of the shot. When, however, he was once persuaded to join a party hunting big game he took his tables with him and found that for an elephant he should use a two-pounder shell. This caused various legal and social difficulties, and he was never invited again.

o o

"Incidentally, the book has a delicious automatic-photograph of Dr. Joad and Mr. Price 'investigating' a haunted sixteenth-century, calved-walnut bed by the simple process of spending the night in it."—*John o'London's Weekly*.

Mixed effects for the next occupier.

## We Who Are Quite Old

**W**E have become as little children again, we who are quite old. Monday is the most horrible day of all, and Sunday is gold.

On Saturday mornings our offices are dreamy, and thoughts take wing to concerts and cinemas and walks in the park; we tend to sing.

But when the last crumpet is eaten at Sunday tea, our spirits fall as they fell when we had forgotten to do our homework when we were small.

We have become as little children again. We start and blush when spoken to by our superiors; we even flush in the dark watches of the night when we remember duties undone; oh, and on Sunday our young-old hearts go down, down, down with the setting sun!

V. G.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



## At the Pictures

"PETER THE GREAT"  
(TATLER)

THE Soviet films now showing at the Tatler in Charing Cross Road are extremely interesting both for the illumination they throw on contemporary Russia and for their artistic merits of energy, sincerity, naturalness and a complete absence of glamour as understood at Hollywood.

*Peter the Great* opens with *Peter* at the lowest point of his fortunes after the victory at Narva of the Swedish king, Charles XII. *Peter*, magnificently played by N. SIMONOV, sets everyone to work to stem the advance of the Swedish king. Even the religious orders, pictured throughout as shiftless and cowardly, have to take a hand, *Peter* threatening to unfrock and flog lazy monks, "and the sin be on my head!" Being short of cannon, he has the church bells taken down, to the distress of his son *Alexis* (N. TCHERKASSOV), a pious young man, who in due course is revealed as a treacherous poltroon, longing for his father's death so that he may drag Russia back into the morass of poverty and superstition out of which *Peter* is lifting her. Inspired by *Peter* and his dashing resourceful right-hand man *Menchikov* (M. YAROV), the Russian troops in a superbly realistic assault throw the enemy out of a fortified town, and are rewarded with twenty-four hours' freedom among the wine-vaults and women of the place. *Menchikov* rescues a pretty buxom waitress from a senile Russian general, and, the war over, sets up house with her. It is no part of *Peter* the Great's character to allow even his best friends to retain anything he fancies, and as *Catherine* (A. TARASSOVA) pleases him, *Menchikov* has to hand her over, his only reward being a stinging buffet on each cheek from *Catherine* to bring home to him her new importance.

The old nobility, waddling creatures with untrimmed beards and huge paunches, compare badly with the sinewy vigorous peasants who help *Peter* to win his battles



J.H.D.

[Peter the Great]

## CONQUEST

*Catherine* . . . . . A. TARASSOVA  
*Peter the Great* . . . . . N. SIMONOV



[George Washington Slept Here]

## MOVING IN

*Mrs. Fuller* . . . . . ANN SHERIDAN  
*Mr. Fuller* . . . . . JACK BENNY  
*Kimber* . . . . . PERCY KILBRIDE

and build his new Europeanized capital. Having forced the old dotards to disgorge their gold, *Peter* tries to civilize them. He makes them drink coffee and tells them to shave their beards off, and when they hesitate he seizes the nearest beard and slices it off with three or four vigorous cuts. A milder side of his nature is revealed when he falls ill of a fever contracted while building Petersburg. Sending for his son, he begs him to carry on his work, and expresses regret for some perhaps excessive severities into which he had from time to time been hurried. *Alexis* shrinks from the task before him and entreats to be allowed to go abroad. The Tsar, himself again, kicks his son in the stomach, sends for the child *Catherine* has just borne him, and at a great banquet proclaims the squalling infant, whom in a rush of paternal love and patriotic fervour he has just pinched in a tender part, the future admiral of the Russian fleet.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT  
HERE" (ODEON)

ANN SHERIDAN and JACK BENNY get as much fun as can be got out of the misadventures of a young couple who leave the comforts of a New York flat for a tumbledown country house, in which George Washington is supposed to have passed a night. JACK BENNY falls through rotten floor-boards and into waterless wells. Doors collapse at his touch, cows try to climb into his car, horses walk into the kitchen, and always at the most painful moment the caretaker, delightfully played by PERCY KILBRIDE, enters and in a sing-song drawl announces "I've got good news," the good news being the arrival of a load of dirt or some other rustic amenity, for which JACK BENNY has to pay on the spot. The best moment in the film is JACK and ANN's discovery that their supposedly rich *Uncle Stanley* (CHARLES COBURN), who has been living on them and other hopeful relatives for years, is penniless. "I've had one whale of a time," he says, with a simple thankfulness which completely disarms them. H. K.

## Charivaria

ACCORDING to a psychologist middle-aged men talk less. They usually have more to keep quiet about.

A prison officer mentions a convict who actually complained of the architecture of the prison. We presume his objection was that the walls were not built to scale.

A comedian remembers the time when he borrowed ten shillings on his watch at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is always darkest before the dawn.



Visitors to war factories are struck by the fact that everything is run by electricity. Even the wages give them a shock.

A correspondent says that about once a fortnight a strange cat appears in the house, clears the premises of mice and then disappears. Evidently a part-time worker.

"In my profession one must keep on the right side of the animals," says a lion-tamer. Meaning, of course, the outside.

"Britain, the U.S.A., and Russia have an excellent motive for prosecuting the war together with the utmost vigour," declares a writer. In fact, an Axis to grind.

The Italians have been blamed by a German commentator for a Russian break-through on the Eastern Front. This is resented in Rome where the blame is put on the Russians.

### Fair Warning

"NO PASSENGER WILL BE SET DOWN  
PRIOR TO ARRIVAL AT AINTREE  
POLICE STATION"

*Northern Paper.*

A policewoman has married a Probation Officer. She took his name and address.

Germans travel only if they have a very good reason. This affects everybody—including ROMMEL.

We have heard from a correspondent who says he would like to get an egg for his little boy, as he has seen one himself.

A famous author is collecting an anthology of jokes. Making himself a laughing stock.

"The Japanese are greatly in need of dental treatment," asserts a medical writer. That's all right—the Yanks are coming.

### The Festive Season

"STRAYED, on Crebar Farm, Yealampton, two Single Couples."  
*Western Morning News.*

Several Billingsgate fish-merchants have had to close their business under a Ministry of Food arrangement. We understand that the remarks of one merchant on hearing the news have been set to music.



"Five-rmd hse to let, two reception rms, three bedrooms, excellent kitn, separate baths and lavs (three miles out), 15-minute bus service."—*Advt. in Northern Paper.*  
Suit active tenant.

### Query

WHEN I write my report on Smith ma.  
Shall I give a free rein to my ra.  
Avoid, out of kindness to Mr.,  
The words: "A congenital twr."?

The other day a provincial German editor said that Germany would soon lose. He was right. She did. Him.



"Where are the home-made delicacies of four years ago?" asks a housewife. Eaten, probably.

An officer declares that plain girls in the Forces are at a disadvantage. Up against It.

"Courting couples now meet in the Underground stations," says a police officer. Osculators on the escalators.

## Catapulting, Admiralty Pattern

THOSE who have actually been catapulted say there's nothing in it, while those who have not say it's a great experience. My first attempt was a "smashing" success and is still recounted in reverent tones in our wardroom.

It started at 0900 hours, when intelligent people are in their dressing-gowns reading yesterday's *Times*, and those who are not are busy earning an honest living. The entire ship's company was on deck as usual, as there is nothing more nauseating than the sight of a grisly accident, and nothing is more disappointing to miss.

Our engine roared into life, the pilot whipped down his arm, the gunnery officer dipped his signal flag, the rating pulled the firing lanyard and—that was all. We waited. Long moments passed as we sat stiff, rigid and immobile in our harness. Tense we sat perspiring, æons of minutes passed as we waited expectant. Any minute now! At last someone tore open the breech to expose not a hang-fire but a plain naval void.

When sufficiently recovered we commenced that routine again. The gunnery officer, who had taken this fiasco as a personal affront, mixed us up a nice fat charge which he kept for the more listless types of fifteen-inch shell. We went up perpendicularly this time through several distinct kinds of cloud layers. The shock rendered the pilot unconscious but we still had bags of vertical speed. I sorrowfully spat out my bicusps and endeavoured to slap the pilot out of his coma. (This slapping procedure is not laid down, but may be utilized if in the opinion of the senior naval officer present the circumstances justify).

Our air-gunner was a more difficult proposition—he was wearing a duralumin bulkhead as a collar and could neither proceed nor recede. Whilst he was excellently placed for the slapping procedure, I could not see that it would do any good. He had also sustained a broken nose and this affected his enunciation so that when he spoke it just sounded like a string of dreadful imprecation. I indicated my missing teeth, and though callously indifferent, it cheered him up a little.

Eventually we were taken inboard, and after assessment of structural damage to the aircraft was made, the M.O. was sent to examine us. There was quite a crowd around our vociferous air-gunner, and suggestions as to

how to extricate him were fast forthcoming. The M.O. was for shooting him out same as he'd been shot in, but the gunnery officer was not sure of the charge required, or possibly he had just used all he had. A corporal in the marines suggested securing his feet to the winch and starting the donkey engine. Meantime, the air-gunner defiantly vetoed our every suggestion with a passionate vehemence, and I envisaged the possibility of having to shoot him to stop him from starving. He confidently asserted that all bulkheads were conceived out of wedlock, and I pass this information on for what it is worth.

The engineer officer came on deck with a pair of calipers, measured the greatest diameter of the hole in the bulkhead, made a quick calculation on a slide rule and went below again to his dominoes. It was then that inspiration came, from a common signals bosun. Instead of taking the body from the bulkhead, why not take the bulkhead from the body? In more time than it takes to tell and after considerable expenditure of toil, blood and tears, the thing was done. Apart from having his neck almost severed our air-gunner was none the worse for the experience.

There's nothing in being catapulted really.

### THE CHANGED FACE OF BRITAIN



1/2 IN THE £



10/- IN THE £





*"As soon as you blokes reach the limit of human endurance we can march back to dinner."*

## Letter Home

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA,  
November 20th.

DEAR EDITH,—A great pile of your letters arrived to-day, the first I have had since I left England, and you can easily imagine how delighted I was to get them and to know that when the last one was written you were still alive and well. But that brings me to a small point, which is that none of them is dated, unless you can call "In haste, Tuesday" a date, or "After my lonely supper with your photograph leaning against the empty cheese-dish" a date. Of course I suppose some of them originally had decipherable post-marks, but in chasing me round the world they have been either obliterated by later efforts, or just rubbed off.

Owing to the lack of dates it has been rather difficult to sort your letters into the order in which you wrote them, though I have tried to do so by reference to the progress of the internecine struggle between the local A.R.P. wardens. Except for your own sake, dear, I think it would be a good thing for Little Wobbley to have a few air-raids, as they tend to promote that esprit de corps that has seemed to be sadly lacking in our local post since I gave up the job of Chief Warden. Personally, as you will recollect, I had little or no difficulty in keeping up the team spirit, the only "incidents" I can recollect being the revolt of the Hogg

faction over the gas-mask disinfection, and the time when all the members of the post resigned in a body because I insisted on Johnson-Clitheroe removing his cigar from his mouth when making his reports.

In both these cases the trouble was clearly due to the pig-headedness of the others, but since I left none of my successors seems to have shown any tact at all. How Colonel Hogg managed to remain Chief Warden right up to the time I left home I cannot imagine. He was obviously still reigning at the time you wrote the letter about the Vicar falling into the weapon-slit outside the parish-hall, so this I take to be the first letter, because in the next one (if I have the order right) you mention a sermon by the Rural Dean, who, I suppose, was deputizing for the Vicar while he was laid up, and in this letter you describe the Colonel's resigning over the affair of the sandbags. It was quite right of the other wardens to make him resign. For Colonel Hogg to put two sandbags full of horse-manure directly under the window of the post was extremely ill-advised, to say the least of it. Even if he very creditably lost his own sense of smell on the Somme, that was no excuse for disregarding the feelings of others. And surely horse-manure is too valuable for such use?

I take the next letter to be the one about Johnson-Clitheroe handing over the Chief Wardenship to Entwistle after the affair of the Aid for Russia Dance. I agree with you that Johnson-Clitheroe could not possibly have

retained office after giving the gas-warning when Colonel Hogg had completed only a quarter of an hour of his opening speech.

It is in this letter that you make the mysterious reference to Angus McHiggins' braces. From the way you put it, it seems that you thought you had mentioned the matter in a previous letter, but I can find no trace of any such reference. Possibly it was in a letter that was sunk, so I can only say that so far as I am concerned you can take any action you think fit in regard to them, though what a jobbing-gardener's braces can have to do with either of us, especially since he has left us for war work, I cannot imagine.

Your loving husband, LIONEL.

P.S.—Simpson has just come in with another of your letters, which had got mixed up with his own pile; but this seems to make the order in which you wrote the various letters even more doubtful than before. As it was obviously written during the Johnson-Clitheroe Chief Warden regime I naturally took it to be the third letter, but if so the Vicar must have taken 4 for 7 against Nether Drooping Combined Services when in bed in hospital, and old Mrs. Gudgeon, who died in your second letter, opened a bazaar in your third. It will save me a lot of heartburning if you can remember to date them properly in future, and considering the time they take to come, you had better mention the year as well.

## THANK YOU

AN Officer in charge of a Com-forts Depot to whom we have been able to send supplies of our wool writes:

"In a letter it is difficult for me adequately to express my gratitude for the valuable help you give us, thus enabling further supplies of knitted comforts to be dispatched to the soldiers overseas.

"I wish I were in the position to be able to thank personally all the supporters of your Fund, for I am most grateful for this aid to our work."

We also tender our thanks to all Subscribers, and in doing so beg them to continue their most valuable help by sending Donations which will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COM-FORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

## New Year in the Office

**I** MUST say it's a load off my mind to see the New Year safely here at last. What with the Works children's party and the raffle and all of us snowed under with parcels for the Forces piling up on top of oceans of work all waiting, life's been such a rush this last month and next it just made you feel there'll never be a bit of peace anywhere till this war's over.

Doris and I have been thankful many a time we wouldn't have anything to do with a Christmas club. One office I was in they used to come round in September and ask you for a farthing the first week to double it next, and that was easy enough and got rid of the farthing on the milk too, and so was a ha'penny the next week and then a penny even if it didn't seem to be getting you very far. But after that you soon got a bit of a shock, and at 5/4d. were quite relieved when they started halving it down again, and with only having half the week before to pay it was like getting a rise just when you needed it most. Diddlums they called it. Diddled yourself into saving up, I always thought.

Christmas is all very well in its way, but it does make a lot of work and it does take up a lot of room, just when we're short enough of space already (I often think when we come to use up all the things we're saving, there'll be more room to keep things in). And there should be a word for Christmas and the New Year together, like the compliments of the season. Besides, the rest of the year N.Y. stands for New York, so you can't really blame Willie, the office boy, for putting all the new calendars and refills in the American parcel.

Doris and I wanted to send them some coffee after that lovely tinned-fruit they sent us, but there don't seem to be any arrangements yet for food parcels for America. It seemed a pity not to, though, when it's been such a puzzle to know what to give people this year. And yet the less there is to spend it on, the more you seem to spend; and the less there is to put in them, the more shopping-bags people give you. And if you go back for a thing you saw that morning, if it hasn't gone it's gone up. I know when I was getting my Christmas cards off I got to such a pitch when I saw that queue in the Post Office it quite cheered me up to find there were still plenty of penny stamps left at the old price and allowed to take as many as you wanted.

Doris found a shop they were selling egg-cups off cheap and thought they'd just do for her aunt in the country who keeps hens, but Mr. Head has been giving most people books because he went to a Red Cross sale and nearly got a set of Thackeray cheap. They were throwing in a taxi too to take them away in, seeing nobody could remember which volumes were missing but anyhow he'd have left them in the taxi, and I expect he thought of that himself. Still, you can pack books and it doesn't matter if you do drop them, as I said to Doris about her egg-cups.

We bought our own refugee a lamp-shade with a map of London on because he's always getting lost, and it looks beautiful up there at night and he's all thrilled about it. But he has to get up on a chair to look anywhere up, and if it's a long road it means two chairs, so we're wondering now about ironing it out for him to carry about with him.

Willie is simply tickled to death with the Polish diary one of the Works refugees gave him weeks ago. They seem to have a lot more Christmas abroad than we do, with starting on December 5th some of them, and then of course they all of them have our New Year as well. So all this time Willie's been dying to start on his new diary. But this week he's beginning to find his way about it with the dates being the same, which is a great help, and entering his fire-watchings and telling us when Easter falls this year. At least he's quite sure it's Easter, but I've warned him it might be only a quarter day or the King's birthday. You just can't tell with these foreign languages.

It's the same every December. You come back after Christmas all ready for the New Year and suddenly find

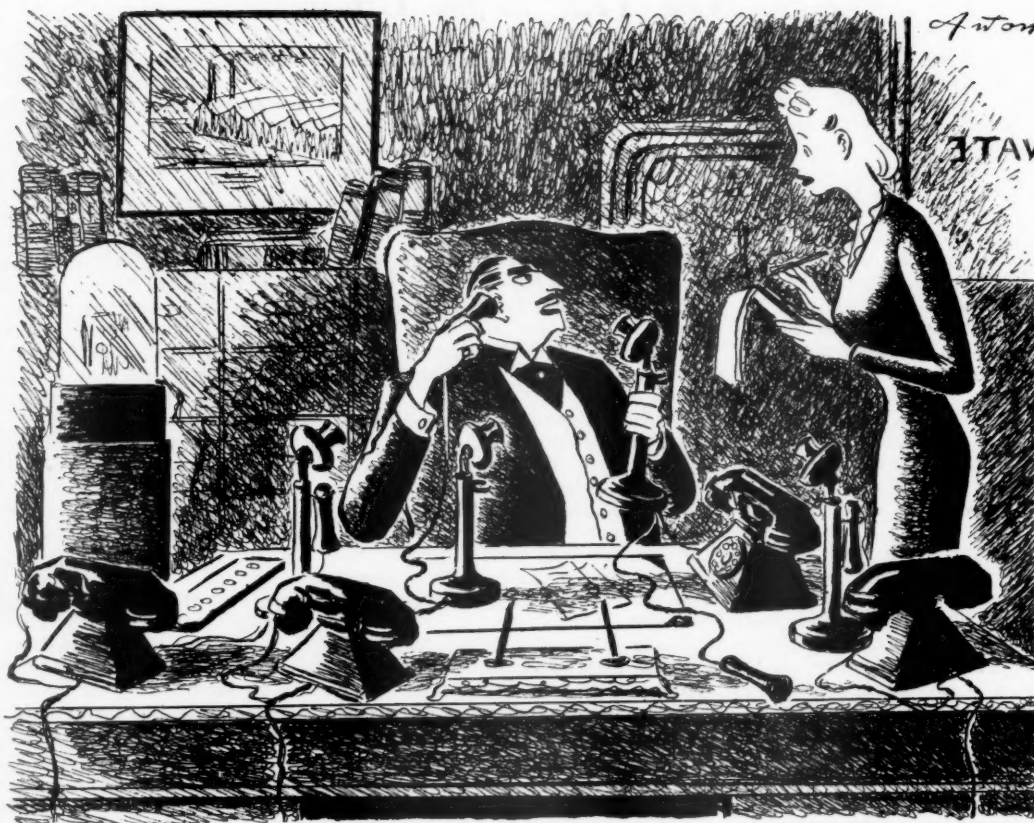
the New Year isn't ready for you. No wonder January always seems the longest month of the lot with that last week of December tacked on to the beginning of it.

Of course, me being me, I'd have liked to make a clean sweep of 1942 last week and tie it all up neatly and label it and make a fresh start but, Mr. Head being Mr. Head, there's not much chance of that. By the time we've got Christmas cleared out of the way, the New Year's getting quite what you'd call middle-aged in our office. Never knew such a man. I know what I'd like to set him for a New Year resolution.

But there's one thing Doris and I will always remember about this last New Year because it's just one of those things you can't ever forget. On New Year's Eve we planned to get off early for once, Mr. Head having gone down to the new factory—which by this time is about as new as last year's new year, but I suppose it'll be the new factory to us till it falls down of old age. So after lunch Doris brought back the two mince pies we'd got the shop across the road to save for us, and we never even stopped for tea but just went at it hammer and tongs, and by half-past four we'd got our things on and the mail all sorted out into *London* and *Country* (one thing: you're not bothered much with *Abroad* nowadays, though I often wonder what size American pillar-boxes are with their huge envelopes), having given Willie the afternoon off too after all that overtime.

And off we went—just shows what you can do when you make up your mind and you're left to it—and then I saw my bus coming and no queue to speak of, so Doris took the lot, and I'd just got on when I heard such a wail from Doris, "Oh, I've posted my pie!"





*"Something MUST be done about these phones, Miss Pym—I've been speaking to myself for nearly five minutes!"*

### *Summary by a Neutral*

SHE never told a lie, my father's poor old mother;  
And I learned more from her nor I learned from  
any other.

She used to tell me how, at the setting of the sun,  
Over the deepest bogs the leprechaun would run;  
A small brown leaping lad, she said, some class of elf;  
And many a time when young she saw the lad herself,  
The Jack-o'-lanterns too; she told me how they lepped,  
Holding their little lamps, where no man ever stepped;  
And in the spring they'd come, frolicking through the  
air.

Those were the days, she said; and not one wonder rare.  
Of queens she told me too, magical ones and human.  
The things she did not know, that beautiful old woman,  
They can't be found in books. Stories of holy stones  
She told, grey shapes on hills, which once were Druids'  
thrones.

The Shee, who ride the storms, the little people too,  
Who dance on rath and dun at evening, she knew.  
Aye, and she lured them once to speak; but told not how.  
And theirs was not the talk you do be hearing now.  
Those were the tales indeed, and worth the waiting for  
At evening by the fire. But now the world's at war,  
According to the tales the young lads say they hear  
From all these wireless sets: they say big engines steer  
About the land like ships, and fire guns as they go,  
And that by these same yokes the Germans have laid low  
Half Europe, if not all; and that in awful cold  
They fight the Russians now, ten million men all told.  
And England's in it too. Isn't she always fighting?  
If it is as they say with all their reading and writing.  
But none of them take me in, whatever they think they do,  
With all this war of theirs. Sure, I don't believe it's true.

ANON.





### DR. SISYPHUS

"The ascent is stony and laborious, but it must be mastered as otherwise everything has been in vain and everything is lost.—*From an article by Goebbels.*



"Must they ALL be censored? Some of them are only about the scenery."

### Little Talks

**W**ELL, here's to the old United Nations in 1943!  
And the last "drive" to Berlin!

At their present rate the Russians will be there by Easter.

Now, now! No wishful thinking. Certainly not. That was thoughtful wishing. I said "at their present rate." I didn't say it would be maintained.

Well, you never know. They've certainly done wonders. There can't be very many Germans left. And those that are are either encircled, or cut off, or "facing annihilation."

Nobody seems to mind being cut off in this war.

And "annihilation" doesn't seem to mean everything it did.

What with everything that's bursting and brewing, it's a bit odd that our own great war-chief should still be called the Minister of Defence.

I suppose it is. What would you call him? Minister of Attack?

No. The Minister for War. It's quite absurd that all our offensive plans and preparations, all over the world, should carry the label of the Ministry of—

Ah, but you've got a Secretary of State for War, haven't you? The Army bloke?

Yes, but I should change him too. That's always been pretty ridiculous—the Army alone having "War" on its visiting-card, as if the Navy and the Air Force were purely peace-time affairs!

You'd call him Secretary of State for the Army?

Of course. And "War Department" would be "Army Department."

I suppose they'd say that the cost of rubbing out "W" and painting "A" instead on all those millions of vehicles and things would be prohibitive; and the labour involved would practically bring the war effort to a standstill.

Nothing could be simpler. You merely paint out the sides and put a stroke across the middle. Look:

W  
A

Well, anyhow, I don't think a name matters all that.

It matters enormously. Look at "Labour." Look at "Conservative."

Would you change those?

One of them, yes. But it's not my affair.

What did the Prime Minister say? I saw he answered a question.

He said something about it being a mistake to make unnecessary innovations in time of war—especially if they were inspired by logic.

Jolly good.

Well, I dunno. I should have thought when you're dealing with a lot of logical lads like the Continent of Europe—the French, for example, not to mention the Russians—it might be a good thing to keep your logic as dry as your powder.

You mean it would be a sign that we mean business about the Twenty-Second Front.

Yes. A kind of psychological what's-its-name on the spiritual thingammy.

I see what you mean. A sort of clarion what-is-it?

Exactly. So that all the captive peoples would say—"Ha, ha! They really are coming. They've stopped fussing about their own backyard."

They know that, surely, already?

Anyhow, I gather it would require "statutory sanction." I hadn't realized that.

Well, that wouldn't take long, would it?

No, but I suppose the P.M.'s enemies would get up and say it was a bit of egomania on his part—wanting to be a War-lord.

I would let 'em.

You mean "I should let 'em."

What did I say?

"Would."

Same thing.

Not at all. But you seem to share that belief, I'm sorry to say, with almost every speaker and, journalist on both sides of the Atlantic. "Shall" and "will"—"should" and "would"—might as well be the same words nowadays.

Does it matter? Will it lose the war? I mean, shall it—

No, you don't—No, it won't. But it does matter—that is, if you regard words as delicate and precise instruments and not mere shovels or coal-hammers.

How could it ever make the smallest practical difference—

I can't go into the whole thing now, old boy. But did you never hear the old chestnut about the careless talker who was a non-swimmer?

No.

Well, then, he was splashing about in the sea, and yelling for help. Unfortunately, when some chaps rushed down to the quay, he shouted: "No one shall save me. I will be drowned." So they all went off and left him.

That's a bit far-fetched, old boy.

Maybe. But would you say it made no difference whether the bride at the marriage-service said "I will" or "I shall"?

I can't see very much, I must say.

What?—Why, one's a mere prophecy—the other's a promise—a bet—a—

A hope. You don't convince me, old boy. Words were made for man, not man for—

So were chisels. So were screw-drivers. But you'd think very little of a man who always used a chisel as a screw-driver—or a screw-driver as a tin-opener.

Well, anyhow—

Talking of words—did you see General Giraud's first Order of the Day?

No. What did the old boy say?

He said, among other things: "Only one thing counts—France and her Empire. There is but one aim—Victory."

Well, what about it?

My dear fellow, what will Wendell

Wilkie say? Not to mention a great many shrill-speakers over here.

Why should they say anything?

Well, he talks about the French "Empire." Wendell Wilkie will have a fit. He was "shocked," you remember, when the Prime Minister merely said that after winning the war it was not his intention to distribute the British Empire, or Commonwealth of Nations. What Wilkie will think of an Ally who says that the only thing that counts is his own country and her Empire, I shudder to think.

I don't think they bother about the French Empire.

I know. The poor old B.E. seems to be the only nigger in the wood-pile. But there's worse than that. Giraud said: "There is but one aim—Victory."

"La Victoire!"

Jolly good show. But, you see, he says not a word about a Better World. Nothing about Social Insurance. Nothing about L'affaire Beveridge—

Why should he? He's a soldier.

Yes, but, my dear fellow, the idea that anyone is fighting Hitler with the main idea of defeating him is absolutely vieux jeu. Wilkie will be furious. We shall hear from him soon.

Will that matter?

No. Personally, I'm all in favour of the United Nations saying what they think of each other—

Not everything, surely?

Well, not absolutely everything. But then you can't say absolutely

everything you think in public debate—at home—

Not even in Parliament?

No. But I think it's a good thing that, within reasonable limits, the "freedom-loving" nations should demonstrate their belief in Free Discussion by freely arguing about things before the whole world—even while they're fighting a common enemy. A sort of Cosmic Exhibition of Sincerity.

Jolly good show.

Otherwise, if everything's wrapped up, there will be all sorts of shocks at the Peace Conference. Wilkie, for example, is shocked to think he's fighting for "British Imperialism." (Heaven knows why he should think any such thing.) But it's nothing to the shock that Giraud will get when he hears he's been fighting for the Beveridge Report. So, by all means, tell him now.

But isn't everybody telling everybody practically everything already?

No. On such subjects as Empires, British or not, the discussion, so far, seems pretty unilateral. A. P. H.

#### Silver Lining

"The middle portion of the afternoon was taken up with drama . . . It was a happy afternoon, nevertheless, because a great deal of work had been put into the preparation of it."—Devon Paper.



"A little more Woolton pie, dear?"





"Instead of a rota, couldn't we have a Paul Jones?"

## British Industries at War

Gun-Cottonopolis

Mr. Punch's Special Reporter continues his tour of Industrial Britain at "The Jolly Calenderer," Rawtenstall.

MY first reaction to the suggestion that I should review the present position of the cotton industry for this journal was involuntary. It was a quiver of excitement. To visit the County Palatine was my fondest desire. From my earliest days I had evinced a remarkably keen interest in the cotton industry. Apart from the fact that my Uncle Jethro had once been in the haberdashery business there appeared to be nothing to explain my mania. In desperation my parents put it down to pre-existence.

As my train sped northwards I was lulled by the gentle rhythm of the wheels into a deep reverie, and I sang over and over again the impressive couplet of my childhood:

*To Lancashire, to Lancashire,  
To fetch a pocket handkercher.*

My background of knowledge gave me confidence. I recalled the saga of the first machines—Kay's "flying shuttle," Hargreaves' "spinning-jenny" (named after his wife), Crompton's "mule" (named after his mother-in-law). Already I felt that I knew Lancashire and its meteorology like the back of my hand.

One should, I think, approach Rawtenstall from the sea to capture the real spirit of the town. Accordingly I hired a cycle and covered the last few miles along the towing-path of the

Rossendale and Ramsbottom Grand Union Canal. In spite of the steady downpour the trip was exhilarating. As I entered the town the streets became thronged with mill-girls on their way to lunch. One was immediately reminded of the *midinettes* of Paris. If, instead of the *chic* costumes and stilted footgear of their Latin sisters, these girls wore shawls and clogs, there was the same insouciant mischief in their eyes. It gave me quite a start to realize how accurately I had portrayed these hard-working yet highly emotional girls in the novels of my nonage—*The Mill-Girl Mother*, *Love on the Loom*, *An Accrington Idyll* and *Flossie on the Mill*.

During the day I visited several famous mills. Scientific progress and the exigencies of war have produced many changes in the cotton industry. Take shrinking for example. You have never, I suppose, stopped to think of those who work to enable your garments to be labelled "Guaranteed fully shrunk"? Until quite recently shrinking was one of the most dangerous trades in the country. The death-rate from bronchitis was appalling among those who stood in the open while the rain contracted the cottons on their backs. Every fully shrunk vest or shirt was paid for with somebody's life. Now, some new-fangled process has displaced the shrinkers, but there are few who regret the change.

At one mill I watched the manufacture of "dhooties" or pantaloons for the Indian market. The prosperity of the textiles industries depends very largely upon the vagaries of fashion. Many manufacturers therefore make great efforts to induce the great sartorial leaders to popularize their products. Some years ago a Blackburn merchant approached Mr. Gandhi with this end in view. He was successful. From the moment that the great Indian Mahatma appeared in public for the first time wearing the daring Blackburn *négligé* loin-cloth a new and profitable fashion was born.

At another factory I learned something of post-war planning and saw something calculated to make the average man salivate: a huge storehouse crammed with trousers "turn-ups." Only when the final whistle blows can these stocks be released, but I see no harm in mentioning their existence. There are many who will work all the harder because of it.

Of course nearly every mill is now engaged upon war work of some kind, and there are many interesting examples of industrial transfer. One noted firm, manufacturers of men's dress-shirts, is now making armour-plating for fighter-pilots. A firm which in peace-time enjoys a household reputation for the excellence of its hat-band linings now produces cotton-wool for utility petrol-lighters. Another Rawtenstall mill which once made boot-laces has been taken over by the Government and now works night and day to satisfy an immense demand for tape. It is this amazing resilience and adaptability that account for the prosperity and confidence of Lancashire. At "The Jolly Calenderer" they speak of Hitler and his confederates in harsh terms. To the Nazis they attribute all their grievances—the interruption of their ribbon-development towards Blackpool, the repatriation of Scottish footballers, the truce with Yorkshire, etc.

It may be injudicious for a mere commentator to take on the rôle of critic, but I should like to mention one industrial practice which appears to me to be prejudicial to the national interest. At more than one mill shirts were being shortened (according to the new regulations of the Ministry of Supply) by dipping their excess inches in concentrated acid solution. Upon inquiry I was told that the shortage of scissors prevented the more economical removal of these inches for salvage. I am, of course, an outsider without full knowledge of the state of the industry, but it does seem that something is amiss here.

## The Phoney Phleet

III—H.M.S. Etonian

**W**HEN Sub-Lieutenant Gerald Cheese Had spent six weeks in M.T.Bs.

He asked for an immediate draft Because, he said, his skipper laughed When he (Cheese) stood upon his right To be tucked into bed at night.

The Second Sea Lord, who gets paid To see that no mistakes are made In officers' appointments, wrote A most apologetic note Beginning with "My dear old Cheese" And ending up by saying "Please Allow yourself a nice long leave And just you see what you'll receive."

He spent two months at home and then He had a signal saying "When You feel inclined, join H.M.S. Etonian at Inverness, You're in command."

Let's halt the tale One moment while I lift the veil. You'll notice in the Navy List That two Etonians exist. One is an ancient battered tug Whose only job it is to lug A target round near Scapa, while The other is the latest style In Tribal Class Destroyers, and, As any child will understand, The apple of their Lordships' eye. By now you've guessed (and so have I) The next instalment of the plot.

When Cheese some two days later got To Inverness, he threw a fit, For there, according to his chit, Lay his command Etonian— Our latest "Tribal." Well you can Conceive that Gerald felt like death. With clapping knees and failing breath He lurched aboard and tried to make The captain see the whole mistake. The latter, though, refused to play, His leave began at noon that day And Gerald was the new C.O.— The signal clearly stated so— And he was off. His Number One (Who had the feeling he'd been done Because he hadn't got the job) Protested that he wouldn't rob Young Cheese of his command, not he, And said they had to put to sea In half an hour's time.

Poor Cheese Implored him on his bended knees For mercy, saying he could play The oboe, also Nuts-in-May, Or knit, or make banana-flip, But that he couldn't take a ship

One-tenth that size across a lake, Much less to sea. It didn't shake The First Lieutenant's attitude. "Excuse me, sir, for being rude, But if their Lordships' make a mess It's not my bally business," And there he left it.

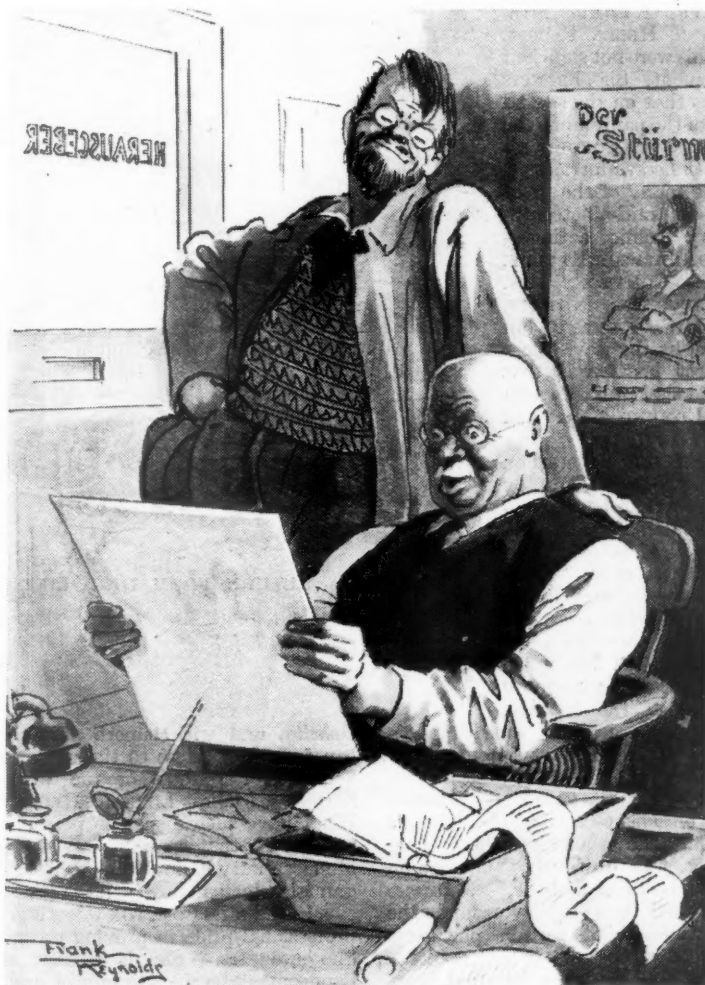
Well, you know The worm, proverbially slow To anger, will in time gyrate. At length young Cheese attained this state And, knocking back a hefty gin, Said "Right, then, that's where I begin. You'll take your orders now from me. The first is 'Take her out to sea'— And make it snappy." Once begun The rest was just clean wholesome fun.

So when, the eighth day of the trip, They met a Jerry battleship, A saner captain would have run, But Cheese said "Sink her, Number One."

And what is more, by sheer surprise, Succeeded in that enterprise.

As soon as they returned to port Two "Most Immediate" wires were brought

Aboard. The first, addressed to Cheese, Said "Gerald, do forgive us please. Someone has been an awful mug, We meant you to command the tug." The second, to Etonian, Marked "General Distribution," ran "Congrats to you and your C.O. We're sending him the D.S.O."



"My dear Carl, I congratulate you! This cartoon of Churchill, reduced to smoking cigarettes, should put new heart into our people."

## At the Pantomime

"CINDERELLA" (STOLL)

"JACK AND JILL" (HIS MAJESTY'S)

"MOTHER GOOSE" (COLISEUM)

"PETER PAN" (WINTER GARDEN)

It was on the Boxing Day of exactly a century ago that Sir FRANCIS BURNAND saw his first pantomime at the age of six. He tells us so in his autobiography. The theatre was Drury Lane, and the pantomime was a mere after-piece to the tragedy of *Jane Shore* which had a magnificent cast containing, apparently, most of the great names of mid-nineteenth-century serious acting—MACREADY, PHELPS, RYDER, Mrs. WARNER, HELEN FAUCIT. As if this were not sufficient dazzlement, Sir FRANCIS tells us that on the second night of the pantomime the first piece was CONGREVE'S *Love For Love* with a cast containing many of the great names of mid-nineteenth-century comic acting—JAMES ANDERSON, KEELEY, SELBY, COMPTON, Mrs. STERLING, Mrs. NESBITT, and Mrs. KEELEY (an actress, by the way, whose proudest boast was that she had shaken hands with both EDMUND KEAN and HENRY IRVING).

Sir FRANCIS attended on the First Night, and frankly confesses that he remembers nothing of the tragedy except that he was glad when it was over: "I can recall how an undefinable feeling of relief pervaded the entire audience when the descent of the green baize curtain announced the end of the tragedy. Then began in the dress-circle a fevered peeling and rapid suction of refreshing oranges." The time at last had come for *Harlequin* and *William Tell*; or *The Genius of the Ribstone Pippin*. The whole immensely long evening was obviously "uncommon good and full of flavour," as *Jeames Yellowplush* was saying around the same time about certain pheasants and woodcocks.

Well, here we are a hundred years later with a dearth of great tragedians and comedians, almost as conspicuous as the dearth of oranges themselves. But our two or three full-length

pantomimes still have compensations enough to satisfy all but the incurably foggish. The celebrated names of the past find a charming echo, for example, in that of Miss FAY COMPTON, this year's *Prince Charming* to *Cinderella*.

Pantomime principals have a way of disappearing from earthly, or at least from metropolitan, view between March and December. Not so Miss COMPTON, who spends that interim showing us that she can act SHAKESPEARE'S hardest as well as his softest ladies, *Regan* quite as vividly as

theatre as *Mary Rose's* re-greeting her mourning relatives.

Miss FLORENCE DESMOND in *Jack and Jill* is another good trouser, but one who hardly disguises the fact that she is a trifle less happy singing duets with a Principal Girl than with the stage to herself and the field clear for her newest and most incisive pieces of mimicry. (This, by the way, is a faithful revival of last year's eminently successful pantomime at the Palace, and it once again has the immensely grave, immensely funny Mr. EDDIE GRAY as well as the ubiquitously lively Mr. ARTHUR ASKEY.)

Miss PATRICIA BURKE is the Principal Boy in the rich and jolly entertainment at the Coliseum, and has youth, grace, a pretty Irish voice and an Irish smile to recommend her.

All three pantomimes have good comedians—Mr. NORMAN EVANS at the Coliseum, Messrs. NERVO, KNOX, NAUGHTON and GOLD at the Stoll, and those already indicated at His Majesty's. All three, too, have that transformation-scene without which no pantomime would be wholly satisfying to any child of any age. *Tilly Slowboy* in *The Cricket on the Hearth* was of the opinion that sitting on top of a carrier's cart was "the highest point of human joys, the crowning circumstance of earthly hopes." To-day's child of six or sixty attains a similar and regular rapture during that solemn half-hour when a mine full of topazes gives way to a glade full of kingfishers, which in turn is succeeded by an unexpected

but mammoth doily that swarms with human dragonflies somersaulting to familiar snatches of DELIBES, CHOPIN, and TSCHAIKOWSKY respectively.

The odd thing about to-day's children is that at this year's *Peter Pan* they seem to think *Captain Hook* (Mr. ALASTAIR SIM) deliciously funny, whereas *Peter* himself (Miss ANN TODD) mildly alarms them with her fey inconsequence. But no one can reasonably mind Mr. SIM's gloating *Captain* being even more like the kind of man we like Father to be than his *Mr. Darling*. A. D.



### RETURN FROM HIGH-LIFE

Flop . . . . .	GOLD
Flip . . . . .	NAUGHTON
Cecilia . . . . .	NERVO
Anastasia . . . . .	KNOX

*Ophelia*, and with superb versatility can turn from these to the unworldly heroines of BARRIE or the worldly harpies of Miss LILLIAN HELLMAN. What have such disparate personages to do with that spanking assumption of masculinity in doublet and hose, the annual Principal Boy? Nothing whatever! And Miss COMPTON takes a good professional pride in proving the fact. She swaggers. She is radiant and handsome. She sings tunelessly, and as clearly as though the words of "Only You"—almost the only new tune of the season with anything like a haunting lilt to it—mattered as much in the



## Hitch-Hiking

I EXPECT my readers will have noticed an interesting social development which the war has let us all in for—what is called hitch-hiking, or cadging a lift, or, more simply, any way of getting anywhere there is no way of getting to. I think, indeed, that now is as good a time as any to give my readers a few hints, instructions and so on about hitch-hiking.

First, as I have indicated, it is necessary to decide that there is no way whatever of getting to the destination you have in mind, that you have worked out the trains or buses wrong, or that there is no way anyway, or that you are something of a Bohemian. All people who do not bother to work out trains or buses like to think that they are something of a Bohemian, just in case they have to walk the whole way after all and one of their friends happens to pass them, and it helps people who might look silly otherwise to think up this superior attitude to circumstance. Next, it is almost, though not absolutely, necessary to be carrying a fair-sized suitcase with locks the owner has warned you not to trust. This is not absolutely necessary because almost anything else will do—an old shoe-box tied with very knotted tape, or a portable gramophone, or any of the things we all seem to find ourselves carrying nowadays. I should add, to cheer people up, that the heavier the object carried looks to the outside world the more likely some kind of vehicle will be to come along; or so the hitch-hiker likes to think, a kindly Providence having ordained this mental process to help human nature with a suitcase along an empty road.

Now I am going to tell my readers something which will pin their ears back considerably, because they will be thinking, if they are as cynical as readers are assumed to be, that I am leading up to the fact that they will have to walk the whole way anyway; whereas I am going to tell them nothing of the kind. The whole point about hitch-hiking is that sooner or later something *does* come along. No one, except those people who control the law of averages, knows why this should be. No one knows why a completely empty road should suddenly, without a moment's warning, change into a road with a lorry coming along it, any more than anyone knows why, the next minute, the lorry should turn down a side road before it reaches the would-be hitch-hiker. Optimists say that it is to make it even nicer when whichever lorry it is does *not* turn down the side road, while pessimists say that it is only what you would expect anyway.

Sooner or later then a lorry, or perhaps even one of those private cars we still see other people driving, does come along, but I shall deal with that later. I want to tell you about the interval. This interval may last for five minutes or forty-five. I doubt if anyone has ever waited longer for a lift. (Confirmed hitch-hikers will tell one another that they waited literally hours, but, as philologists found long ago, no one who uses the word "literally" expects anyone to believe the word following.) Let us assume, then, that the average wait on the average road lasts twenty-five minutes. Five of these minutes will be spent walking forward—that is, in the direction the hitch-hiker will be taking—but looking backward, Fate having ruled that any lorry going the same way as the hitch-hiker will approach the hitch-hiker from behind, and, unless the hitch-hiker is pretty quick, overtake the hitch-hiker and disappear. (This is enough to make some hitch-hikers actually walk the way they are looking, that is, backward, though now the looking part is forward, of course.) The

next five minutes will be spent by walking *back*—that is, in the direction the hitch-hiker set out from, though it looks to anyone else, of course, like *forward*—Fate having ruled that any lorry about to go down a side road will now approach the hitch-hiker from the front, thus enabling the hitch-hiker to put down the suitcase or portable gramophone and wave foolishly. The rest of the time, about fifteen minutes, will be spent in standing more or less still at a point in the road from which the hitch-hiker can see any oncoming, or possible, lorry for about a hundred yards; not less, so as to give the lorry due warning, and not more, so as not to give the hitch-hiker the impression that anything which may come along later is still half a mile away.

What does the average hitch-hiker think of while standing more or less still for fifteen minutes? Roughly, and not specially in this order, the average hitch-hiker's thoughts run like this: How nice it would have been to have a cigarette if the hitch-hiker had had a match, or how useful it would be having a match if the hitch-hiker had had a cigarette; how impossible the hitch-hiker now realizes it was that whatever would have happened at the end of the hitch-hiker's journey ever would have happened; memories of early life, brought on by autumn leaves; sudden hopes, brought on by a tractor starting up somewhere out of sight; and finally, to round the whole thing off, a sudden burst of justified philosophy as the lorry governed by the law of averages *does* come along.

This sudden burst is, I need hardly say, swamped the next second by a wave of anxiety lest the hitch-hiker should fail to stop the lorry. This anxiety has been nagging at the hitch-hiker's mind, on and off, for the whole of the twenty-five minutes, and now resolves itself into two main considerations: hope that the hitch-hiker shall look in earnest enough to stop the lorry, and fear that the hitch-hiker shall not look so much in earnest as to lose face if the lorry should be full, or bad-tempered. It says much for human resolution that usually the first consideration takes the upper hand and forces the hitch-hiker so far into the road as to have to stop the lorry or get run over; and much for the lorry that hitch-hikers so rarely *do* get run over.

Last, for the reactions of every hitch-hiker who has found a lorry going the right way and is safely in it. These reactions are, so far as psychologists have been able to make out, so uniform as to be the same: a quite unreasonable self-satisfaction which leads hitch-hikers to believe that they themselves have, by sheer determination, created the whole thing—lorry, driver and all; and a worrying sensation that they ought to be making senseless conversation to the lorry-driver. Most hitch-hikers get over this last reaction by sheer exercise of will-power, or, as psychologists put it, by one look at the lorry-driver's face. The self-satisfaction will last till after the duration of the journey; and psychologists, for once, say that they don't see why it shouldn't either.

o o

### This Robot Age

"Bailie Gibb said that the Council had got the baby to hold in the last allotment scheme and had had a lot of trouble in winding it up."—*Scottish Paper*.

o o

"The driver had a narrow escape, as a broken board penetrated his cabin and just missed his head. This had to be removed before he could be released."—*Provincial Paper*.  
A pity.



"Just turned nine—what's on the wireless, dear?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### James Thurber

WHEN American humour ceases to be merely a product of high spirits and an exciting environment and becomes reflective, it tends to be much more melancholy than English humour, in which from Chaucer onwards cheerfulness has usually managed to hold its ground against the assaults of thought. Mark Twain was an unqualified pessimist, and JAMES THURBER, the most meditative of his successors, though less bitter than Twain is even more dejected. In his latest book (*My World—And Welcome To It*: HAMISH HAMILTON, 7/6) he writes: "We are trapped in consciousness, trapped by mortality, trapped inside an inadequate animal body, trapped within the poor limitations of the human spirit"; and with his pencil, which is no less expressive than his pen, he depicts a world of bulbous sharp-nosed bipeds, oscillating between anger and bewilderment, and forlorn quadrupeds, meekly accepting the malign nature of things. Much of his work is concerned with the obscure region of human consciousness which extends from more or less harmless day-dreams to homicidal insanity. In "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," one of the most brilliant sketches in this volume, a hen-pecked husband who is driving his wife on a shopping round is in turn the commander of a hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, a surgeon with nerves of steel, a killer who can get his man at three hundred feet with his left hand, and a condemned man facing the firing squad with a faint fleeting smile, inscrutable to the last. In "The Whip-Poor-Will" a man married to a woman without nerves

or imagination is gradually driven mad by a whip-poor-will who cries in the early morning outside his bedroom. "A Friend to Alexander" is equally macabre, but here the doomed man is more fortunate in his wife, for Mr. THURBER, unlike most satirists, has no special victims, and is sympathetic with everyone in turn.

In his lighter sketches Mr. THURBER uses his humour for critical purposes. "The Letters of James Thurber" gives what is probably his view of most published correspondence. "The effect of Thurber's letters on his generation was about the same as the effect of anybody's letters on any generation; that is to say, nil," and "Thurber's letters from Europe during his long stay there in 1937 and 1938 (the European Phase) are perhaps the least interesting of all those he, or anybody else, ever wrote." In "The Macbeth Murder Mystery" he brings Shakespeare's play into line with "a good Agatha Christie" by suggesting that Duncan resembled Lady Macbeth's father as he slept for the excellent reason that he wasn't Duncan but was her father, who, having just killed Duncan, crept into the King's bed on hearing his daughter approaching. H. K.

#### Faith Without Tears

There seems a general agreement among the "men of goodwill" consulted on *The Future of Faith* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 6/-), by Mr. PERCY COLSON, that we are not as well-behaved as the Victorians. The Victorians were occasionally dogmatic; frequently religious; and had a distinct leaning towards morality. We, on the other hand, dislike theology; many of us would prefer to have religion without it—but that doesn't seem any more feasible than scones without soda; and most of us would like to be moral without being religious—but even morality doesn't work as it did before the impetus from the ages of faith was exhausted. Youth, it seems, is sick of materialistic values. But on what are we to base a more spiritual appraisal of this and the next world's possibilities? Mr. COLSON has questioned Lord Vansittart and the Chief Rabbi, Cardinal Hinsley and Mr. Hulton, several headmasters, half a dozen popular preachers, a reincarnationist, a Big Business magnate, a really thoughtful young poet and several others. With a few obvious exceptions they are more concerned with permitting a certain limited intrusion of the divine into the worlds they personally prefer than in seeking to ascertain the divine plan for themselves or anybody else. This strikes one as topsy-turvy; but, even so, it is a challenge to thought. H. P. E.

#### Light on Africa

"It is not all pleasure, this exploration," Livingstone notes drily ten days before his death. Nevertheless, pleasure or pleasurable excitement, sometimes even joy itself, forms a large part of the explorer's reward. Burton, admitted into Harar, naturally relishes the "poesie" of being "the only European that had ever passed over their inhospitable threshold," and Livingstone, dying slowly and in extreme discomfort, bleeding from a hæmorrhage and drenched by torrential rain, has no regrets except for the discoveries still just beyond his reach. It was a hard life, but good. To judge from the passages assembled by Miss MARGERY PERHAM and Mr. J. SIMMONS in their excellent anthology *African Discovery* (FABER, 12/6), few of the great explorers were troubled by loneliness. Burton and Speke were happy to part, and it was only Clapperton's death that brought home to Lander the sense of his isolation. The book contains, to our delight, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," and shows that this incomparable

utterance was, in fact, the outcome of emotion far beyond words. Stanley is the one journalist in the collection and writes like one, expressively, vividly, almost too openly, but he deserves to be included if only for the view of Livingstone cherishing *Punch* in Darkest Africa and of himself with silver tea-pot. It is Livingstone who dominates the book, towering over all these other hardy, humorous men who see so much and write so well by the strength of his purposes and his astounding singleness of mind. J. S.

### 'Ware Ice!

There is probably no great disaster in history to which some ultimate good is not traceable. The tragedy of the *Titanic* was a case in point; for it led not only to greatly increased provision for safety at sea, but also to the institution of the Ice Patrol to watch the sea lanes of the North Atlantic, and keep ships informed of the presence of bergs on or near their course. On the question of the multiplicity of lifeboats—many of which could in nine cases out of ten never be launched—there may be more than one opinion. There can be but one as to the Ice Patrol. This service, which is carried on by U.S. Coastguard cutters using American and Canadian ports, and jointly financed by the maritime nations who benefit, is described by Messrs. AUBREY WISBERG and HAROLD WATERS, under the title *This is the Life!* (HARRAP, 9/6), Mr. WATERS having himself been actively engaged in the work of the Patrol. It is a tough job, calling for toughness in those who do it, and the book provides some interesting glimpses of its routine and of the occasional excitements which break its general monotony. Mr. WISBERG is a screen-writer, and to that fact is probably due a tendency to over-emphasis which is most noticeable in the unnecessarily sordid details of the nocturnal diversions of Sailor Town. C. F. S.

### The Anchored Heart

Remaining in her granite home on a Breton island five miles from the mainland, the American wife of a French sea-captain was given a seat in the stalls for the first four months of German occupation. IDA TREAT'S *Rock of France* (DRUMMOND, 8/6) is a war-book and more than a war-book. It provides a sub-acid account of the invaders, doubling their difficult rôles of good fellow and perfervid Nazi; and of the stupid brutality of the Hitler Youth who came on when the invasion—rehearsed before her eyes—had failed to come off, and what remained of the older men went East. It enriches our vocabulary (just as we most need it) with the delightful verb *organisieren*—which like so much "planning" everywhere is looting reduced to a fine art. (Apparently every bottle you pinch is *organisiert* in the New Order.) But *Cœur à l'Ancre* was the writer's home twelve years before the Huns came; and her island, she says, is her dollar, the staple of her spiritual and material currency. Her portraits of neighbours—from the undefeatable masters and mistresses of those seas and fields to a handful of extra-local upper-class "gangulars" paving the way for the Boche—are epitomes of all France. H. F. E.

### Home Front Heroine

One might label Lady PECK's new novel, *House Bound* (FABER, 8/6), as a book for women were it not so desirable that each half of the world should know how the other half lives, and that men of the leisured classes should realize the great foundation of washing-up, sweeping and cooking on which the comfort of our day is built. Lady PECK's story is of the wife of a Scottish lawyer, of modest

wealth and ancient family, who finds herself unable to obtain servants in a world where war-work has a prior claim, and embarks on the adventure of running their charming old home by herself. *Rose* is a darling—her mind, with its rich store of poetry, as delightful as her sane head and loving heart; but though her son *Tom* and her stepson, the beloved *Mickie*, adore her with tender teasing, her daughter *Flora*, one of the best observed and best described characters in recent fiction, is the perfect example of the type which insists on making itself odd-man-out in so many families. The happenings of a few months of war, marriages and a death, a bomb on *Rose's* garden, are the material and incidents of the story, which is slight in plot but in character and consciousness of the reality behind the material as strong as life itself. B. E. S.

### All Sorts of Spells

As his publishers say of Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG's latest book, *The Pack of Pieces* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 7/6), it is "a happy, witty hotch-potch of all the good old Fairy Tale traditions, spiced and gently debunked for the modern reader." It is, moreover, a book that makes us think very seriously and adds to our respect for the problem-ridden princesses of the past. From it we learn that it is no use trying to break a spell and win a handsome husband by asking a frog to dine and sleep unless one remembers that there are frogs of both sexes; that it is no use saying "yes" to the first beast who proposes, even if his name is *Chump* and he has two teeth that grow at right-angles and "one ear that seemed to belong to a rabbit." *Princess Fania*, who had read all her history books, accepted at once, and the laugh was on her, for *Chump* was not under a spell at all but had been born like that! It would not be fair to give away more of the twelve plots, but all are excellent and all have the logic of true nonsense. Mr. ARMSTRONG understands the weaknesses of christening fairies and wizards particularly well, and shows great sympathy to kings with unmarried daughters. B. E. B.

## 1943

(New Year's Morning)

DAWN came late that morning, late and leaden,  
The trawler shearing a sullen and oily sea,  
And up in the bows we watched for the east to reddens  
And thought, "Here comes the first of it. Forty-three!"

Sandy and Chick and I, bleary-eyed and yawning,  
Counting the war years . . . 'Forty . . . and 'One . . . and  
'Two;

Three N' Year Days gone and a fourth one dawning;  
"And how many more," we thought, "before we're  
through?"

Said Chick to Sandy, "You that thinks ye're clever,  
You that's the secon' sight an' can see ahead—  
What'll the war be like *this* year, whatever?"  
"Ach, use yer een, ye gommeril!" Sandy said.

The sky was the Day of Judgment—only grimmer;  
A scurry of sleet was meeting us off The Scaur;  
The west was ink and the east was a feeble glimmer;  
And Sandy looked at it all and—"There's yer war,

"There's yer war," he said, "if ye'd only see 't;  
There's N' Year an' it needs nae advertisin';  
Mirk owerheid," said he, "an' mirk at yer feet  
An' mirk a' roon' . . . Aye—but the sun risin'!" H. B.





DAVID  
SIMPSON

*"I don't like to have to say it, but it's a remarkable thing that each time one of these wretched machines goes wrong YOU always seem to spring up from nowhere and tell me you've put a shilling in."*

### The Padre's Car

THE car belonging to the chaplain of the flotilla was badly in need of a paint. It was a long, low coupé that had probably been a sports model in its younger days. Now, however, old age and shabbiness had taken any vestige of sportiness away from it. It was a car a bishop could have parked outside a cathedral without incurring a single raised eyebrow.

Nevertheless it was one of the very

few cars in our base and, as such, it was eminently desirable. The First Lieutenant of the flotilla-leader had been heard to offer as much as twenty pounds in solid cash for it, and he was a disappointed man when the chaplain firmly refused to entertain the thought of selling.

The chaplain was going out to sea for a week. The flotilla-leader was

remaining in harbour. The First Lieutenant said to him:

"Good chance to get that car of yours painted, don't you think, padre?"

The chaplain explained he didn't propose wasting money on any such project. The First Lieutenant clapped him on the shoulder.

"Don't you worry about that, padre," he said. "Our chaps will do it for you. We haven't much on hand just now—they'll be glad to do it. You're a man they've got a very high respect for, padre."

"Well, if you're sure it isn't too much trouble..." hesitated the padre.

The First Lieutenant was sure. So the padre went off to sea. And the First Lieutenant mustered the hands.

The men seized on the idea with enthusiasm. The First Lieutenant said he was going to leave the scheme of decoration entirely to them. He said the Foretop Division could do the forward part of the car, the Maintop the afterpart, and the Fo'c'sle amidships. The car was pushed out on to the wharf, a foraging party went off to the paint-shop, and the hands swarmed round like ants.

The chaplain returned. He was led proudly to his car.

The bonnet was blue. The wings were white. The body was red. On each of the front wings a large anchor had been realistically painted. Lengths of genuine cable had been welded from the radiator-cap to the anchor-rings. A small flotilla-flag fluttered from the radiator-cap. The roof was encircled by the two black bands denoting a flotilla-leader. The starboard side-light was a brilliant green. The port side-light was an equally brilliant red. The electric horn had been removed and replaced by one of those small, bellows-operated fog-horns. Life-like barnacles adorned the wheels. The Blue Ensign was painted on the boot. Small wooden bollards were fixed to the running-boards. A hand lead-line lay neatly coiled close to the driver's hand. On top of the roof a mooring-line was cheesed down in a beautiful disc and glued into position. The steering-wheel had been delicately picked out in brown and yellow to resemble the teak and brass of a ship's wheel. A Jacob's ladder dangled from the miniature boom represented by the driving-mirror. Two little wooden paddles, some rope, and grey paint had converted the spare-wheel into a Carley float. The speedometer now rather bafflingly registered speed up to three hundred and sixty degrees. Finally, each wing was protected

by stout turks'-head rope-fenders—unwarrantable reflections on the chaplain's driving.

The First Lieutenant and his men surveyed their work with pride and affection. The chaplain surveyed it too.

"Well, there you are, padre!" said Number One.

In tones broken with emotion the chaplain thanked him.

"If there's any other little touch you can think of . . ." suggested the First Lieutenant.

Apparently there wasn't. The chaplain was going to call on the Senior Naval Officer, and everybody was very anxious to see him set off, but the chaplain said he felt like walking—thought it would do him good after his trip.

The car is still one of the sights of the base. But the chaplain no longer drives it. The First Lieutenant drives it. I honestly think he acted through-out in perfect good faith. But the fact remains he bought the car a few days afterwards. For twenty pounds.

## Henry's Grey-hen

WHEN the Laird of Drumtoorie asked an officer to come over for an afternoon's rough shooting, the C.O. sent Captain Henry Longshanks. This was partly because Henry said he had once shot a rabbit and partly because he had just come back from a small-arms course.

The Laird met Henry as he got down from the bus.

"I don't expect we'll see a great deal of stuff," he said, "but there's a chance we might get an odd pheasant or two, and even a blackcock."

After a longish beat through some birch scrub a "gamey-looking fowl" got up at Henry's feet.

"Grey-hen," called out the Laird.

Henry immediately raised his gun and discharged both barrels at point-blank range and a moment later the bird disintegrated in mid-air. Delighted with himself he glanced over at his host and waved his smoking gun. The Laird of Drumtoorie looked angry.

"That was a grey-hen," came his frigid retort.

As Henry didn't know that grey-hens are always reserved for breeding and never shot, he felt hurt, but eventually came to the conclusion he must have erred in not giving the bird more rope before firing.

"This sporting etiquette is going to

get me down," he mumbled to himself as they walked forward again.

He hadn't long to wait. Five minutes later a hen pheasant, which closely resembles the female black game, got up in front of the Laird of Drumtoorie, and Henry, now feeling he was on safe ground, promptly yelled out "Grey-hen" in his best parade-ground manner, just as his host took aim.

What happened next worried him a lot, for the Laird quickly lowered his gun and petulantly discharged both barrels into a nearby clump of heather.

This set Henry wondering if he should complete his piece by calling out "Grey-hen," but catching sight of his host's face he decided that it would be better if he just knelt down and pretended he was tying up his boot-lace.

The rest of the afternoon passed in silence.

Next morning a telephone call came through to the Orderly Room from Drumtoorie House, and the C.O., who knew even less about shooting than Henry, answered it. Five minutes afterwards Henry was standing stiffly to attention in front of him.

The C.O. spoke sharply. "The Laird of Drumtoorie has just rung me up to tell me you shot one of his hens yesterday—a grey one. He's very angry."

Henry blinked.

"He also said you don't know the difference between a grey-hen and a hen pheasant."

"Yes, sir," said Henry. "It was all very difficult, and I'm afraid I don't understand even now."

"You don't understand?" barked the C.O. "Why even I know that to go and murder a barn-door fowl in cold blood with a gun is a most caddish thing to do. You'll be laying land-mines for moles next."

Henry blinked again.

"And as for not being able to tell the difference . . . have you never looked inside a game-dealer's shop?"

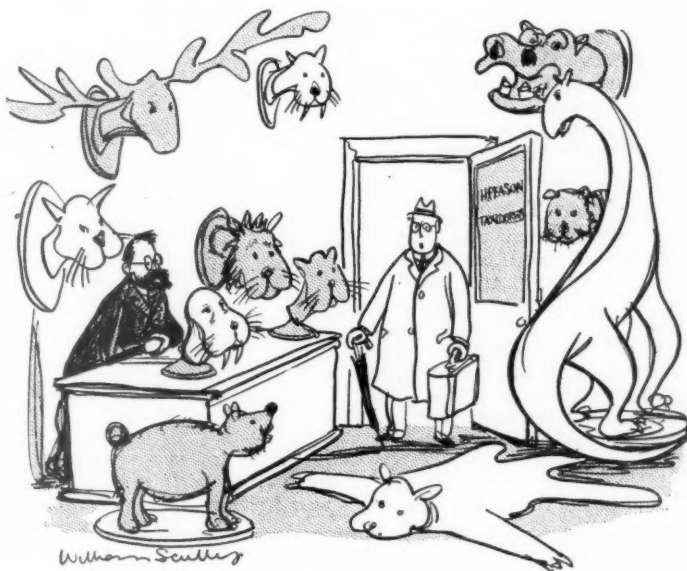
There was a pause as the C.O. gathered himself for a fresh outburst. But it never came. At that moment the Adjutant, a game-shot of some experience, entered the room and, having heard the whole story, explained how matters stood.

"You see, Captain Longshanks, that's just what I was telling you," said the Colonel. "Now off you go and write a letter to the Laird making the best apology you can."

Henry was about to open his mouth when the Adjutant hurriedly remarked that the weather had turned much milder.

"Much milder," said the C.O. firmly.

Henry blinked yet again, saluted smartly and withdrew. G. C. N.



"Which one of you is Mr. Peason?"

## More Collected Essays of J. Pope Clugston

### MORE ABOUT ESSAYS

I HAVE already said that most essays are too long. Let me add that most essays are also too wide. They skip about from one thing to another. They hop sideways. This is no way to get anywhere. The author fancies he is a bee, gathering honey from a hundred flowers. Actually, he is more of a housemaid, failing to clean any of a hundred objects and yet flicking them all. To have something to write about before you start is a plan which has never been given a fair trial.

### HOSPITALS

A hospital is a place where they wake you up at 5.30 to tell you breakfast will be ready at 7.30. They also like to come at any other hour and wake you up to see if you are asleep.

### TENNYSON

The briefest footnote on the life of Tennyson will tell you that he became engaged to be married in 1833 and finally got married in 1850. It will also tell you that he took seventeen years to write *In Memoriam*. Yet nobody has ever drawn the obvious conclusion from these two facts, which is that it took Tennyson seventeen years to do anything.

### THE BROS. GRIMM

Everyone knows about the chap called Rumpelstilzken in Grimm who became enraged when the lassie guessed his name. In his anger he shoved his foot clean through the floor. But not everyone knows that Rumpelstilzken is now living in the flat above me. He is going to start any minute now. You don't have to guess his name. He just does it anyway.

### MORE ABOUT TATTOOING

I once knew a man who had a lissom dancer tattooed on his arm when he was young and slender. Perhaps his wits were young and slender too. At any rate, as he grew into a fat old slob, so did she. He could scarcely look at her without bursting into tears, so gross and unshapely had she become. Grow old along with me, as the bard says.

### DETECTIVES (AMATEUR)

One thing about the great amateur

detectives is that they are very good about staying away from each other's cases. You don't find Lord Peter Palsy bursting into a mysterious house if he sees M. Hercule Taureau peeking out from behind a curtain. With their uncanny knack of turning up a few seconds after a murder, there must always be half a dozen of them converging on the fatal spot, yet only one of them ever gets there. Some sixth sense must warn them that another detective has already begun deducing and they turn away, content that Justice will be done.

### HENRY II

It suddenly occurs to me that if Becket had not been wronged by Henry II, he might not have become a saint. It is possible that I am wrong, but you must admit that Henry helped. Yet does he ever get any credit for this? No. It is so often the way.

### ARTISTS

A lot of chaps seem to think that an artist has no sense of responsibility because he is an artist. But the truth

is, he is an artist because he has no sense of responsibility. A very different thing. And speaking of artists, a good many of them make a very decent living doing funny pictures of those men who paint lines down the middle of roads. But do they ever pay these men? A model has some rights, surely, even under the capitalistic system. And still speaking of artists, you often hear a chap say he doesn't know much about art but he does know what he likes. Well, personally, I know practically everything about art and yet I'm darned if I can tell what I like. So there you are. Takes all sorts to make a world.

### DIGESTS

With all these digest magazines about, it is a wonder anyone can read them all. What we need is a digest of the digests, to be called *Digest Digest*. For all I know, we may have one now. Well, I bet nobody has got out a *Digest Digest Digest*.

### CONSOLATION

Every time I am given a little inconvenience by the enemy I tell myself that other chaps are having a much harder time. This is meant to cheer me up. But why should I feel cheerful over somebody else's rotten luck? Shouldn't it make me all the gloomier? I guess it should.

### BLESSINGS

I have got one of these for sure. I was able to cut quite a lot of firewood last summer and I even cut a number of Yule logs to give my friends at Christmas, knowing how short of fuel they are. Well, during the autumn they all ran out of fuel and I offered wood to any of them who could borrow a wagon and it was surprising how many of them could. It was also surprising how much of my wood-pile you could get into one wagon. It wasn't long until I had no wood-pile left. But here is the blessing: nobody took the Yule logs. It seems they were too big to haul away readily. Now all I have to do is cut them up and I'll have a bit of wood myself. It is lucky I had that generous thought about Yule logs. You always get your bread back from the waters, no matter how soggy it is.



"Well, here is some good news: All enemy resistance is ended at that awful place beginning with Dj and ending SCH."

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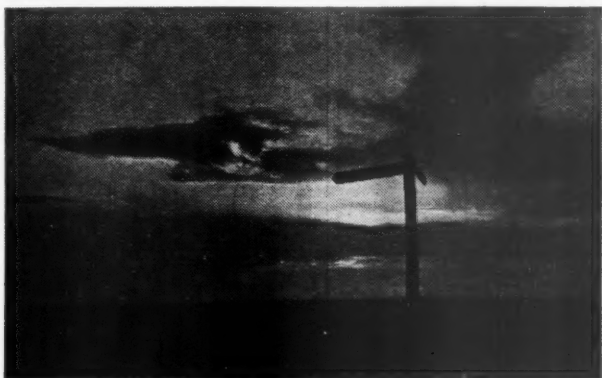




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## Quo Vadis?

THE crop of trials resulting from going the wrong way can be as abundant as the triumphs that can come from going the right way.

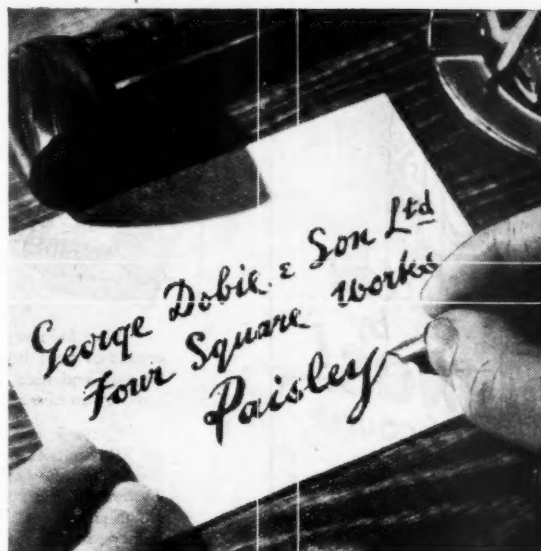
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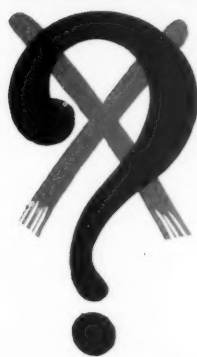
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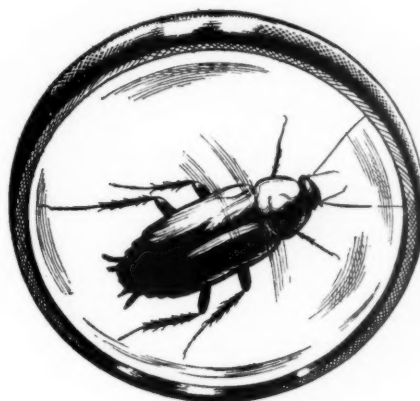


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## Cockroaches: a menace to food supplies



**T**HE enormous amount of damage to food stocks caused by insect pests, coupled with the loss of prestige and goodwill when infested goods are supplied, is to-day a matter of vital importance to all engaged with the storage and distribution of food.

Cockroaches (or to give them their scientific name, *Blatta orientalis*) are among the most troublesome of insect pests. They are omnivorous and spoil much more than they consume.

They infest all places where food is stored: they are to be found in bakeries, restaurants, hotels, hospitals, and large centrally-heated buildings, in incredible numbers.

The Pest-Control Service operated by Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., has made a special study of the problem of the cockroach; and also effectively deals with infestations of steam flies, beetles, bugs and fleas.

Write now and ask for an appointment with our district representative, who will advise you on your problem of insect infestation.

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## HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

# WHAT ARE VITAMINS?

No one had heard of a vitamin until a few years ago and very few people have ever seen a vitamin. But vitamins are important food factors without which no diet can be complete. The essential vitamins in the human diet are A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, C and D. Vitamin A helps us to see in the dark (the vision of night-fighter pilots depends a lot on vitamin A) and it also helps to protect us from colds and other infections. Vitamin D builds firm bones and strong teeth. Vitamin C is the anti-scurvy vitamin and the vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub> are good for the nerves and the appetite.

There is no danger of vitamin shortage if a careful selection is made from the foods available. Vitamin A is found in carrots, green vegetables, fat fish and fish liver oil; vitamin D, though short in other foods, is abundantly available also in fish liver oil; vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub> in National Wheatmeal bread and yeast extract; and vitamin C in garden produce such as potatoes, swedes and green vegetables.

These natural foods should be included regularly in the diet.

*This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of*

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